Georg:

Do you mean to tell me that my children have been roaming about Salzburg dressed up in nothing but some old drapes?

Maria:

Mm-hmm. And having a marvelous time.

Georg:

They have uniforms.

Maria:

Straitjackets, if you'll forgive me.

Georg:

I will not forgive you for that.

Maria:

Children cannot do all the things they're supposed to do if they have to worry about spoiling their precious clothes.

Georg:

I haven't heard them complain yet.

Maria:

Well, they wouldn't dare. They love you too much. They fear you too much.

Georg:

I don't wish you to discuss my children in this manner.

Maria:

You've got to hear from someone. You're never home long enough. You know them.

Georg:

I said I don't want to hear any more from you about my children.

Maria:

I know you don't, but you've got to. Now, take Liesl.

Georg:

You'll not say one word about Liesl, Fraülein.

Maria:

She's not a child anymore. One of these days, you're gonna wake up and find she's a woman. You won't even know her! And Friedrich, I know he's a boy, but he wants to be a man like you, and there's no one to show him how.

Georg:

Don't you dare tell me about my son.

Maria:

Brigitta could tell you about him, if you'd let her get close to you. She notices everything. And Kurt pretends he's tough not to show how hurt he is when you brush him aside.

Georg:

Fraülein. That will do.

Maria:

The way you do all of them. Louisa, I don't know about her yet, but someone has to find out about her...

Georg:

I said that will do.

Maria:

...and the little ones just want to be loved. Oh, please, Captain, love them, love them all.

Georg:

I don't care to hear anything further from you about my children!

Maria:

I am not finished yet, Captain!

Georg:

Oh, yes, you are, Captain. Fraülein. Now, you will pack your things this minute and return to the abbey.